



Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

Two girls with kittens also interested me. Both by Mabel Stuart.

Of course, I should probably also say something about Alexander Harrison's "Le grand miroir" and Th. Eakins' "Cello Player," Paul Dessar's "Elizabeth," but as it is impossible to review every picture, particularly in an exhibition whose keynote is Maynard mediocrity, I can simply mention those that made an impression upon me, and sometimes the novelties of a newcomer seem more interesting than the mature work of well-known artists.

THIRTY-TWO Horatio Walkers were exhibited for two weeks at the end of March in the new gallery of Cottier & Co. Horatio Walker is an artist who struggles for something, who nourishes an ardent desire to realize *great* art. He has the rare gift of sifting his subjects from unnecessary details, and only to paint the essentials, and combine realism and classicism to a decorative as well as suggestive art which satisfies the most modern elements. Pictures like "The Harrower," "Tree Fellers," "Hauling the Log," "A Spring Morning," can challenge competition with any modern European cattle and landscape paintings. Their *raffiné* simplicity and classic calmness have the purifying influence of a song of Horace. Many professionals look, for instance, at his Harrower rather contemptuously and invariably tumble over one of the forelegs of the bull, "it is not well drawn, badly painted, in short no leg at all." But I exclaim with Mr. Schilling—by the by one of the coming men, one of Montross's protégés—"if they can't see anything else! For heaven's sake." Amusing and interesting to me is the conception Walker entertains of cattle and household animals. He is on very intimate terms with them. He knows their ways of life, and feels with them their joys and troubles of existence. Horatio Walker's animals seem to know something of Goethe's "Weltschmerz;" his oxen are represented as "beasts of toil," his cows seem to be resigned to a fate of drudgery, his sheep, some of which show traits of Schenck's and Mauve's breeds, look so forlorn and ascetic like the almshouse inmates who were lost in the forest in Maeterlinck's play "Les Aveugles." Also over his landscapes, those forest clearings with a few yellow leaves shivering in barren branches, hovers an atmosphere of loneliness and melancholia, only here and there in the background interrupted by a vague indication like spring, that only a country whose soil is desolate and barren and snowbound one-half of the year can exhale. I have spent one winter in Canada, and some of its sad, silent winter scenes have made a deep, most vivid impression upon my mind. Up there the farmers have something of Millet's "sublime murkiness and original pent fury," and looking at Walker's pictures I involuntarily asked myself, "How many human lives had to be sacrificed to conquer that Canadian desolation for the usances of civilization?" Only his pigs know how to take life, they lie complacently in their sties, in the midst of their rich *milieu* of manure, rotting straw and mire, and in color, conception and technical handling are almost without exception masterpieces. I did not fancy, however, his "Prodigal Son," although the youth looks as shocked, gaunt and weird as I did when I was young and callow.

Seventy-Second Annual Exhibition of the National Academy of Design.

IN writing about American exhibitions I have found out one peculiarity, namely, the great difficulty of saying anything if I do not write down my impressions as soon as I have left the gallery. Should a few days elapse, I would not trust my memory.

This 72nd Exhibition of the A. of D. does not contain a single picture that a talented man might not learn to paint in 25 years, and the majority of them in a much shorter time. This is a rather dismal state of affairs. It does not render art criticism a very enviable profession.

It does not contain a single picture for posterity except it were Daniel Huntington's "Projectors of the Atlantic Cable." Most interesting to me was "Bobbie" Reid's T. B. Clark prize panel, "Moonrise." It is purely decorative, and pleasing to the eye, its colors being "bleu de songe," as Stephane Mallarmé would say. As usually, it is very carelessly done, and all unnecessary work, like the execution of hands and feet, carefully avoided. I looked at it for a long time and got a good deal of amusement out of it.

E. C. Tarbell's "Josephine" seems to be a sister of Benson's little girl at the society, only coarser in grain, and Josephine's mother apparently is fond of Japanese kimonos, but why we should particularly be interested in their domestic affairs I cannot discern.

C. D. Weldon's "Saved from the Wreck" is a capital illustration, as long as it does not pretend to be anything else, which cannot be said of similar exhibits of Clinedinst, Smedley and Jennie Brownscombe. Reproductions of the latter might have a good sale.

Henry Mosler's "Invoking God's Blessing," a Puritan scene, is carefully observed, correctly costumed, conceived with feeling and cleverly composed and painted.

Kenyon Cox's "Bird Song," Macomber's "St. Katherine" and Dielman's "Azalea" are pleasing little pictures. E. A. Bell in his "Spring Flowers" did a piece of diligent, conscientious work, poetical, and yet not too far removed from beauty and truth.

W. M. Chase has not done himself justice in his life size portrait. He should not exhibit such pictures.

Alas, how many pictures of this exhibit should never be shown, or better still, never have been painted. About three-fourths.

Why, there are some men who mistake the venerable Academy for one of those cheap picture-frame stores, where they can sell paintings by the dozen. The audacity of several gentlemen is amazing. One feels like bursting out into a laugh at their insolence, if it were not so heart-renderingly sad.

Some of the portraits would do honor to any Bowery photograph gallery.

Then there is H. W. Watrous, with all the glories of his giggling method, at which Philis-